



ELEGY XIV.



WHEN I remember that accursed night,
When my dear Beauty said " She
must depart! And the next morning, leave
the City's sight/' Ah, then! Even then,
black Sorrow shewed his might!
And placed his empire in my vanquished
heart: Mine heart still vanquished, yet
assaulted still,
Burnt with Love's outrage; from whose clear
torchlight,
Fierce Sorrow finds a way to spoil and kill.
Ah, Sorrow ! Sorrow! never satisfied !
And if not satisfied, work on thy
will! O dear departure of mine
only bliss !
When willing, from the City thou did ride;
And I made offer (though then wounded wide)
To go with thee; thou, rashly, didst refuse
With me distressed, to be
accompanied! And binding words
(imperious) didst use I
Commanding me another way to choose*
Ah then! even then, in spirit crucified,
Mine eyes, with tears; mine heart, with sighs
and throbs ;
Those, almost blind! that, hard swollen,
almost burst! My brains abjuring harbour to my
Muse
Did leave me choked almost, with strait sobs*
Ah ! be that hour and day, for ever
curst; Which me, of my life's liberty
did rob !
For, since that time, I never saw my Love !